

## FAMOUS POEMS

**FAMOUS POEMS.**  
An Old Sweetheart of Mine.  
AS one who comes at evening, and an altar  
all alone,  
And musing on the faces of the friends that  
he has known,  
To turn the leaves of fancy till, in  
shadowy dreams,  
And the familiar features of an old sweet-  
heart of mine.

[illegible]

I am sure has met her anchor in the harbor of a dream.  
 I want, to speak in earnest, I believe it will  
 be worth  
 to give the mind a trite with a little dose  
 of harm—  
 I did not extra favor in Mummy's note  
 to write  
 that makes me think the deeper to that old  
 swiftness of mine.  
 face of life-beauty, with a form of story  
 there,  
 looks out of my tobacco as the gent from  
 and  
 and I shall beneath the glances of a pair  
 of acute eyes  
 glowing as the summer and as tender as  
 the sunset.  
 can see the pink sunbonnet and the little  
 the clock-draw  
 and the picture I kissed her and she  
 answered the kisses  
 with the willing designation, that "as sure,

ly an the voice  
 "I've married a stupid," she loved man-  
 that old sweetheart of mine.  
 and again I felt the pressure of her slender  
 arms round my bare  
 "We need to talk together of the future  
 we have planned -"  
 when I should be a poet, and with nothing  
 to do  
 "I will write the tender verses that she sets  
 the music to."  
 when we should live together in a cozy  
 little cot  
 and in a mist of roses, with a fairy garden  
 "I said."  
 when the things were ever fruited, and the  
 weather ever fine,  
 and the birds were ever singing for that old  
 sweetheart of mine;  
 when I should be her lover forever and a  
 day,  
 when I should be her lover forever and a  
 day.

and my faithful sweetheart till the  
 end of that war was over,  
 and we should be so happy that when ethi-  
 opia lips were dumb  
 my lips would smile in Heaven till the  
 other's eyes had gone,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 and my dream is broken by a step upon  
 the stair,  
 and the door is softly opened, and—my wife  
 is standing there;  
 with eagerness and rapture all my  
 visions I resign  
 greet this living presence of that old  
 sweetheart of mine.  
 —James Whitcomb Riley,  
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 dianapolis.

The Revel,  
 one of the Famine and Plague in India  
 "Sweet Death the smiling sister,  
 and she that

they about hook our goals of laughter,  
seems that the dead are there.  
I stand to your glass, steady  
to drink in our common eyes;  
I cup to the dead already—  
Urnhill for the next that dies

here are the golden glowing,  
at here is the vintage sweet;  
I cold as our hearts are growing,  
and dark as the doom we meet;  
I stand to your glass, steady  
and soon shall our pulses rise  
up to the dead already—  
Urnhill for the next that dies

He's mine a hand that's shaking,  
and mine a cheek that's sunk;  
I stand to the glass, steady  
and soon shall our pulses break;  
He'll burn with the wine we drink,  
I stand to your glass, steady;  
He's here the revived they  
I cup to the dead already—  
Urnhill for the next that dies

we was when we laughed at others;  
 though I was never other than  
 'Hie! be them think of their mothers,  
 be hope to see them again,  
 stand to your glasses, steady!  
 be thoughtless as the breeze,  
 step to the dead already -  
 urrah for the next that die!  
 a sigh for the lost that darkles,  
 and a tear for the friends that sink;  
 all full 'midst the wave cap's sparkle,  
 be sure as the sea's bottom,  
 we, stand to your glasses, steady!  
 is this that the resolute buy  
 up to the dead already -  
 urrah for the next that die!  
 'ere's a nip to the glass congealing;  
 is the 'corrient's a salty heaving;  
 thus does the current's ebbing,  
 run for in the grasp of death;  
 stand to your glasses, steady!

A moment's vague hope,  
A run to the dead already  
-Hear for the next that died!  
He dreads to the dead returning?  
He shrinks from the sable shade,  
To the high and haughty yearn  
The soul can stir no more.  
I stand to your knees, steady  
In a world is a word of fire,  
Up to the dead already -  
-Hear for the next that died!

off from the land that bore us,  
Trayed by the land we find,  
The brightest have gone before us,  
And a dimmer way men behind  
We stand to your knees, steady  
In a world is a word of fire,  
Up to the dead already -  
-Hear for the next that died!

-EdithMae Dowling.

Man's First Disobedience,

1. Paradise lost.  
 2. The first death of Eve, and the fruit  
 that lorded their throats, whose mortal taste  
 Ad death doom'd the world, and all our  
 loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
 should us, and reign the blissful time,  
 3. Heavenly Man, who promis'd us that secret  
 trock, or of Sinai, shall inspire  
 our Shepherd, who first taught the chosen  
 4. be beginning how the heavens and  
 earth  
 out of chaos, or, if Sisy had  
 be there, what, and Sisy's brook that  
 5. be the oracle of that I thence  
 be thy aid to my adventurous song,  
 6. With to invade night intends to sear  
 the face of Asia's face, I thence  
 7. am transported, not in prose, or rhyme,  
 8. And sing thee, spirit, that dost prefer  
 One simple, unadorn'd, and single  
 9. Of temples, the bright heat and pure  
 10. me, for that know'st, thou from the  
 present, and, with mighty main out-

love, and'st brooding on the vast abyss,  
 made it present; what in me is dark;  
 her, even to love, rises and support,  
 the light of this great argument,  
 a sweet eternal Providence,  
 justify the ways of God to men.  
 — John Milton.

**If the Heart Be True.**  
 After can never go badly wrong.  
 The heart be true and the love be strong;  
 the mile if it comes, and the weeping rain  
 be changed by love into sunshine again.  
 — George MacDonald.